

VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

Trucks rumble past this
once first-class apartment
complex
one leaves black oily smoke
of diesel fuel behind it

Those teen-age girls upstairs
are running a house of prostitution
the woman across the fence
just hung up her baby's diapers
snowy white
she held clothespins in her mouth
I hadn't seen anyone do that for years

The telephone rings in the widower's
place next door
but he doesn't answer the phone since
his wife died in April
says no one he cares about will call
anyway

Birds in these dust-covered trees
are picking it up
I can hear a dove mourning in the
magnolia tree
where the Cambodians live